THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—*The Voice of the Silence*

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THE RE-EMERGING PATTERN

Three centuries ago this year saw, on January 8th, the death of one great scientist, Galileo Galilei, and the birth of another, Isaac Newton, on Christmas Day, 1642.

Galileo with his heliocentric theory, and Newton with his theory of gravitation, have exerted a profound influence on modern thought. All honour to both for their honesty, their open-mindedness, their courage and their industry! It is not to detract from any of these to recognise that the discoveries for which posterity honours both were not original but were restatements of truths once well known. For, as Newton himself wrote, "Restatement is a service only less valuable than inspiration itself."

Galileo's theory of the elemental vortices had been taught by Anaxagoras two thousand years before. The law of vortical movement in primordial matter was in fact learned by the Greeks from the Egyptians. They had it from the Chaldeans, who in turn had been the pupils of the Brahmins of India. Aryabhata, the earliest astronomer of India, calculated the revolution of the earth as scientifically as Archimedes and the modern astronomers. The Greek astronomer Aristarchus of Samos in the third century B. C. taught that the earth revolves around the sun and "moveth circularly about her own centre." Pythagoras had brought the teaching three centuries before from Middle Asia where it had been taught for many ages.

Galileo availed himself of the Pythagorean manuscripts, with whose doctrines Newton also was familiar. Galileo, moreover, was anticipated nearer his own day in some of his theories, not only by Copernicus but also by William Gilbert of Colchester. Newton found most valuable clues in the writings of that medieval mystic and "nursling of the genii," Jacob Boehme. Newton's profound mind, reading between Boehme's lines, was able to fathom his spiritual thought and to translate it for the scientific thinker.

Sir Isaac, one of the most religious men of his day, could fortunately not foresee the uses to which his teachings would long be put by the upholders of a mechanistic universe. Newton held to the Pythagorean corpuscular theory, and what is his "exceedingly rare ethereal medium" but the Ether of the ancients? The direction in which his great mind was working is evident from his leaving open the question whether the agent causing gravity is material or immaterial. This, with a liberal interpretation of his personal *working* God, opens the door to the ancient conception of guiding and operative *intelligences* behind the natural forces. His theory of gravitation itself, faulty because incomplete, echoes however feebly the doctrine of magnetic attraction and repulsion.

The great Pattern of the manifested universe, and of the evolutionary scheme in the impersonal and universal Mind, was grasped by the first Scientists. It was handed down in trust to their successors and by them recorded. But time and superstition made a jig-saw puzzle of the Cosmic Plan, as far as the perception of men in general was concerned. Since then, the effort of successive generations of seekers, who inherited the pieces without the Pattern, has been directed chiefly to study of the separate bits.

The original Pattern, however, was never lost to the consciousness of the Self-realized Ones. But for long ages they have had to work in secrecy and silence, dropping hints, like precious pearls, far and wide apart, into minds prepared to receive them. Such minds of larger vision have attempted synthesis and have found that certain facts dovetailed with others. Those who followed, using their findings, have carried further the reconstruction of a portion of the Plan. The work of none is independent of his predecessors' efforts, and so the credit for no achievement belongs wholly to one man.

This continuity of knowledge and this interlinking of effort and of thought afford most powerful proof of human unity. So the harmonious Pattern, still only dimly sensed but gradually re-emerging ever farther into public ken, bears its own evidence, beyond gainsaying, that the world is one. Science has discovered many parts and correlations of that Pattern since Isaac Newton's day. But each is still only a rediscovery, a restoration of the lines perceived how many ages since!

A GREAT INDIAN ARTIST

[**Shri Gurdial Mallik,** himself a server at Santiniketan who carries self-effacement to a fine art, writes here on a congenial theme. Of Shri Nandalal Bose the late Shri Mahadev Desai wrote truly some five years ago : "Nandababu is not a Bengal artist, he is an Indian artist, and he would go to the ends of India to lay the flower of his art at the feet of Mother India."—ED.]

Man has a dual personality—that of the artisan, using the term in the sense of the bread-winner, and that of the artist, who creates for his visions forms of beauty which are a joy for ever. But as only the spirit can be, and is, the true artist, the true artist is always a man of the spirit. All others who in our modern world of glamour and greed pass muster as artists are more often than not counterfeit coins.

Such an artist of the purest ray serene is Shri Nandalal Bose, who is entering on the sixtieth year of his present earthly existence. He is the most famous student of Shri Abanindranath Tagore, the founder of the present-day Indian School of Painting. But he has also the fervour and the fragrance of an initiated disciple, his master being the God-man of Dakhshineshwar. That is why he has what the mystics characterise as "drunken consciousness" (secret and ceaseless wonder at the Eternally Ineffable) and "divine shame," *i. e.*, the perpetual sense of the smallness of one's own self in Its presence.

Apropos of this "divine shame" of his, a story may be told here. Once a distinguished visitor came to Santiniketan—that shrine of the ecstasy and the idealism of the Poet Rabindranath Tagore, where Shri Nandalal Bose is high-priest of the temple of art. As he went round the place he saw, among other things, the gallery of pictures, through which he was led by a short-statured, square-shouldered, simply clad, bare-headed, barefooted and bespectacled gentleman with a bright forehead and beaming eyes and a face *à la* Ajanta fresco. The guide conducted him from painting to painting, mentioning the name of the artist who had executed each, except that of the one who had to his credit the well-known picture, "Dance of Shiva." The visitor, too, struck by its bewitching beauty, forgot to ask who had created that masterpiece. At the conclusion of his visit, as he was leaving the Santiniketan Guest-house for the Bolpur Station, he said to the writer, "I have enjoyed immensely my short stay here. What with the interview with the Poet, the soul-stirring music of the students and the carnival of colour in the Kala-Bhavana (Art Gallery) it has been an unending feast of joy. But my one regret is that I could not meet Shri Nandalal Bose."

"Of course you have met him," was the rejoinder. "It was he who

conducted you through the Art Gallery this afternoon."

And the departing visitor was filled with astonishment and, perhaps, with not a little of repentance for having failed to recognise the far-famed, yet humble-looking artist.

The truth is that Shri Nandalal Bose believes in self-effacement. And rightly, for every artist worth his salt knows that it is the song that matters and not the singer. So humility is his outstanding attribute and his shining adornment. What a lesson to the publicity-hunting artists of today!

Shri Nandalal was born at Kharagpur, in Darbhanga State, in 1883. His father was a very skilful State Engineer, whose name was a byword for scrupulous honesty. And it is said that at the time of departing this life he enjoined upon his children ever to be "clean of heart and hand." His mother had a rich vein of religious devotion. Shri Nandalal has inherited the twin virtues of skill and spirituality from his parents. He had his education up to the undergraduate standard when his "dæmon" or "Jeevan-devata" as Rabindranath would say (whose influence he had already consciously felt when, at the age of nine, driven by a mysterious impulse, he had painted his first picture of Shiva) compelled him to exchange the book for the brush. The same beneficent influence brought him into contact with Shri Abanindranath Tagore who had, only a few years before, at the encouragement of that great-hearted Englishman Mr. E. B. Havell, rescued Indian art from its slavish following of foreign masters. And the meeting of teacher and pupil at Calcutta was an event in the annals of the New India which is in the making. For, as it has turned out, Shri Nandalal has been acclaimed on all hands as "the legal heir" to the illuminating traditions in indigenous art established by the illustrious founder of the Bengal School of Painting.

During his period of pupilship at Calcutta, not only were Shri Nandalal's inherent æsthetic potentialities developed under the dynamic influence of Shri Abanindranath, but his spiritual sensibilities also were fostered in the shadow of Dakhshineshwar. In this way, the divine dispenser of his destiny illustrated in him the truth that art and religion are the two sides of the selfsame shield of life. And the unfoldment of this truth was quickened subsequently in the solitude, sunshine and shade of Santiniketan, to which forest sanctuary Shri Nandalal shifted from the money-minded, nerve-racking, noisy old metropolis.

For over two decades now Shri Nandalal has been in charge of the art department of the Visva-Bharati —the international centre of cultures at Santiniketan. His coming there fulfilled a long-felt need of the Poet's institution. Not only did he give an emphasis to the æsthetic turn which the Poet had already imparted to the academic education of our times, but also he became his handmaiden in

the creation of a colourful, yet simple, stage for the performance of the Poet's plays. His own *credo* as an artist and art-teacher could not be summed up better than in the statement which he made to a newspaper several years ago :—

We are marching towards the Unknown because it is only the present that exists for us and not the past or the future.

We are Indian because we are trying to keep up the Indian spirit although, irrespective of style and technique, we welcome everything that has life, accept with regard all that those who come in touch with us have to offer.

And it is for this reason that we do not attach much importance to technique and worship life,—the spirit of the living.

Nature inspires us and the past. The past experiences of the world guide us.

We have tried to express our joy because Art is the expression of joy (*ananda*) of life.

The above is an echo of the message of the *Upanisads*, especially of the *Ishopanisad*, which Shri Nandalal, through continuous meditation and practice in his life, has striven to make his own.

"We worship life"—this is the key-note of his creative art as well as of his daily conduct. Therefore he is against realism (Who said, by-the-by, "Appearances are deceptive"?) in the one and snobbery in the other. His principal instruction to his pupils is always to try to see the Spirit behind the form, the Reality behind the fact, the Wonderful behind the commonplace. Two pertinent anecdotes may be related here.

A fresher (and every fresher has a similar tale to tell) once asked him what subject he should draw. The teacher replied forthwith, "Anything that meets the eye; for instance, the flower, the donkey, etc." The would-be pupil stared hard at the artist as if the latter were joking. The artist noticed this and at once whipping out of his pocket a blank card and a pencil—his constant companions—drew a sketch of the donkey grazing in the field near-by.

The pupil watched him as he drew. And no sooner was the sketch finished than he exclaimed in accents of ecstasy, "*Master Mahashye* (Sir teacher), could the donkey be so beautiful?"

"Of course," rejoined the teacher, "if one has the eyes to see with." And such a vision of the wonderful he has in a very large measure. Referring to this gift of his the Poet Rabindranath Tagore sings in his poem, "To the Painter":—

> You maker of pictures, a ceaseless
> traveller among men and things,
> rounding them up in your net of vision
> and bringing them out in lines
> far above their social value and
> market price.

Everyone has ready access to Shri Nandalal, be he an artist or not. He can never stand it for any one, howsoever highly placed, to treat with discourtesy or indifference a fellow human being. On one occasion he perceived that a certain official friend of his received, with invariably iron-

ed-out courtesy, only those who were considered "big" by the man of the world, while others were often somewhat neglected by him, almost to the point of rudeness (though the official concerned called it "plain-speaking")! So Shri Nandalal thought of curing his friend of this unconscious insult to humanity and waited for an opportune moment to bring home to him the unrighteousness of his behaviour. At last a favourable opportunity afforded itself. He saw one day an ass standing outside the building where the official in question worked. It was afternoon. The official was absorbed in his files. Going in, the artist informed him that an august visitor was waiting outside to meet him and then he himself slyly slipped out of the back-door. The official immediately stood up and, straightening the creases in his clothes, went out posthaste to welcome the visitor. What he felt on seeing the latter may better be imagined than expressed. But he caught the hint which the humorist in the artist wished to convey to him, for ever since he has been more polite to all and sundry.

Shri Nandalal has a keen but chaste sense of humour. Not seldom does it border on a child-like playfulness, which peeps out in his sketches, in the autograph books and in the sparkling sallies on art with which his conversation is usually sandwiched. He has also the docility and the impressionability of the child at the one end, as he has the intuition and the dynamism of the adept at the other. His art, like his humanity, is all-embracing. He kneels at once in the presence of the Beautiful, whether it comes to the door of his heart or through the windows of eyes or ears, in the guise of a good soul, a scene, a sketch, or a good song. It is a pity that he, whose whole being is vibrant with the rhythm of life, has not cultivated music; otherwise there is no doubt that he would have become also a musician of note.

To look at Shri Nandalal Bose's pictures, such as the "Buddha's Renunciation," "Uma's Grief," "Shiva Drinking Poison," "Shiva Mourning over Parvati" or "Chaitanya," is a spiritual tonic as well as an unforgettable experience. His "subjects" walk forth out of the finite confines of the canvas and speak to you as if they were standing face to face with you. Even if the subject which he has chosen is traditional and familiar his re-interpretation of it in the light of his own spiritual wisdom endows it with a newness akin to the newness of creation which a poet feels afresh every morning. And no wonder, for is not his creed "We worship Life"? And Life never ages or becomes extinct or ugly. It is because of this attitude of his that Shri Nandalal is a *Yogi*, too. Translating freely what the Poet Rabindranath has said in one of his poems, dedicated to Shri Nandalal:—

You were born in a room outside which the mystery of colour keeps guard. Sitting there you build a nest of form for the worn-out travellers on the path of life to rest.

You imprison in your lines the Eternal Wonder. May your brush be like the matted hair of Shiva,—the source of the waters of life!

GURDIAL MALLIK

THE MAN AND THE WORD

[The late **Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids** makes some interesting points in this posthumous article in examining the development of certain Buddhistic concepts.—Ed.]

Some eleven years ago I helped, with this subject, to start the organ of a Heidelberg society founded to promote the study of the Buddhism of Eastern Asia. The Editor's tragic collapse in mental health, combined perhaps with cultural unpreparedness in others to "carry on," doomed the undertaking to speedy decease—anyway I never heard more about it. Through the columns of this more stable enterprise, I seek to give, in a slightly revised form, to what I then said, a second chance to provoke thought.

My aim is mainly to show man, with his ever-changing values, and the word ever seeking to express these, being stimulated in change as an effect of "changed skies." His changing values man may express either by a new emphasis through repetition, by a new placing of words, by a new meaning or by new words. And with his new values will go corresponding devaluations.

The changed sky (or soil) may well be a fertile source in the changing of values. We may therein look for new developments, full of interest. For the new is never to be despised as new. Always it is significant of movement; and nothing is so fatal to man as non-movement; nothing is so unnatural. But the new is not ever the better, though the better will ever be the new. When the new is also the better, it is when the man (the real "man," not body and mind only) is, in the new, lifted on to a nobler plane. It is when the man values "man" as being, or as capable of being, of a higher worth than that at which he was valued before. But a new teaching which, because of certain conditions evoking it, declares that the very man is but a name for that which is "not got at," and then goes on to declare that he does not really exist (save as body and mind) is not both a new and a better. It is a devaluing, an unworthing of the man.

But other new valuations gave the lie to this lowered outlook. And I would suggest—suggest only, for it is a big subject—that we may find instances of this in term and meaning, such as the transference of the Buddhist world-mandate helped to make emerge.

Thus, in the term *gotra-bhū*: "become of the family," we have a word emphasizing a man's quitting the *maṇḍala* or "world" of the many-folk (*puthujjana*) for the *maṇḍala* of them who minded the things that really mattered, things not of this world only, but of the beyond (*lokuttara*). He has just quitted; no more; he is ranked at the bottom of the ladder of aspiring effort. Now this word

emerges at a late stage in Pali literature. This may be seen at a glance in the useful article *s. v.* in the Pali Text Society's *Dictionary* ; better seen if the references be consulted. The *Milinda Questions* of North India shows no interest in the term. But in writers who came under the influence of Ceylon we witness a certain promotion undergone by the concept. The *gotrabhū*, namely, is the *jhāyin* in the topmost stage of *jhāna* but one, that of *appanā* or ecstasy. These writers are Buddhaghosa, Buddhadatta, and Anuruddha, later than they, to mention no others.

I cannot here go into this change of emphasis in *jhāna* itself. I only suggest, that when Buddhism ceased to be Indian only, and provincial at that, when the one link between followers belonged no longer only to "Jambudīpa," but was an international faith, *dhamma* or *sāsana*, the need for such a word as "one of the family" (tribe or clan or gens, if you will) would emerge. A corresponding development was worded in the mandate of Jesus, both in his own mission-experience and again later in Paul's epistles.

The greater benefit felt after in such a community-term as *gotra bhū* is a valuation of the believer as a man among fellow-men, not as one isolated, or seeking only his own welfare, but as one of a family, and seeking his welfare in consequence as bound up with theirs. It is thus a worthier valuation of the moral man in the Sāsana than such as had preceded it, even in the case of the saint. I say "felt after"; that it was more than this, that it was clearly and fitly conceived, I doubt. It needed a later time, a fuller call, to bring out such a phrase, for instance, as St. Paul's *pāsa patria en ouranois kai epiges ;* and we can hardly be said even yet to have risen to such a valuation.

I find another term emergent yet later, with new emphasis. I am thinking of *śakti*, the Pali *satti*. An ancient word, it is in early Pali rare and unemphasized. I find it once only in the *Dīgha Nikāya: yathāsattiṃ yathābalam* (according to ability and strength. I do not find it in the *Milinda Questions* ; it is in the Commentaries that we meet with it emphasized, but whether Conjevaram or Ceylon led in this emphasis I cannot say. Dhammapāla on the *Udāna* equates *tejo*[1] with *satti ;* Buddhaghosa, on the "seven treasures,"[2] distinguishes a *satti* of energy, a *satti* of the mantra, a *satti* of ownership and a *satti* of fruition. The rising vogue of Sakti in India may be responsible for this strengthened usage, reaching at that time no further. Later yet we meet with the term in Burmese Buddhism, in such compounds as *janakasatti*, *paccayasatti*, the latter in the writings of Ariyavaṃsa. With him it has a forced value, belonging rightly only to the man. Namely, the cause (*paccaya*) is, in being transferred

[1] Heat, fervour, ardour, energy.
[2] *Digha Commentary*, i, 252.

to the effect, given a fictitious will-value.

Satti, in fact, is a not unworthy equivalent for that fundamental factor in man, the will, so poorly worded in India, because so squeezed aside by over-attention given to the man as contemplator, rather than as him who looks-ahead-for and him who reacts-to. And had Buddhism grasped the kernel of its Founder's mandate, and seen in the Way a figure of man as willer, as chooser, this emergence of *satti* might have been earlier, and have been more worthily exploited. As it was, the Founder had to make use—and great use—of words for, not will, but modes of willing.[1] As it is, *satti* as used by the Commentators is an effort to get at a new and ampler valuing of the man in words, however faultily applied.

Let us next consider not only a word, but a discipline of high importance in Sakya from the first, and which, when transplanted to other skies underwent an interesting renascence. I refer with a set purpose to *dhyāna* or *jhāna:* brooding, or musing (in the Shakespearian sense). The purpose which it was found to serve at the birth of Sakya, I have plentifully discussed elsewhere. This, briefly, is that the purpose was not that of Yoga as introversive, nor as the merely, mainly negative, preparatory exercise, which is all that survives in formulas. It was the seeking access to, in order to converse with, men of other and better worlds. This view is based on "left-in" Piṭaka evidence and, as such, merits the careful attention as yet denied it.

Here I would only bring out the transformation undergone in the concept of *jhāna*, when it took root eastwards, in the soil of Japan, in Zen culture. As such, it appears to have regained that central well-spring of the man: his nature, his objective, which was originally recognized in Yoga-dhyāna, but which became blurred and lost in Buddhism grown agnostic and earth-bound. Not that Zen is a replica of Yoga. It is more positive, more self-concentrated, less super-personal than Yoga. It is still Buddhist, in that it seeks the divine in man, rather than to develop man into, or raise man up to, the divine. It bids the man look within, not beyond himself.

So much by way of general comment. But in detail also we may note an interesting advance on jhāna-stages as defined in Abhidhamma. In these (Pali) definitions, the first factor which, in the formulas, is to be eliminated is attention in thought.[2] This older term which, in the Suttas, stands for just "thought," is, in Abhidhamma, more specifically defined as "the adjusting, fixing, focussing, superposing of the mind." Mental discursiveness[3] in the attending subject had

[1] *Viriya, vayama, padhana.*
[2] *Vitakka.*
[3] *Vicara.*

to go also. After that there would appear to be left, in awareness, only emotional factors, which also have to go, leaving bare hedonic neutrality and purged attention.

But in Dr. Suzuki's account of *zazen* (*jhāna*), "attention-in-thought" is declared to be "to aim at keeping the mind well poised and at directing attention on any point one wills."[1] Now it would be difficult better to word the exact opposite of the aim in "first jhāna" in the Pali Abhidhamma. In the original Sakyan purpose of *jhāna*, psychic development was the main desideratum; hence it was necessary to cut off the usual this-world channels of attention. Bare attention was the best vantage-point: the attitude, once more to repeat myself, of the boy Samuel: "Speak, lord, for thy servant heareth!" But in the diverted, distorted *jhāna* of the Piṭaka formula, the blotting out of the sense messages, as perceived and heeded, is in contrast to the prescribed contemplative discursiveness said here to be necessary for *zen*, or *zazen*.

I do not wish to step out of my own narrower range to press any greater nearness of *zen* to *yoga*. *Zen*, as compared with this, is relatively impersonal. In *yoga* the "man" is in full view from first to last. It is the man, and not his "mind" that is before us, the man seeking vision of, oneness with, the Divine Spirit in himself, Who he himself is:—Man transcendent as akin to man under earth conditions, yet Man above and beyond the best, the finest he has yet realized. To realize, not as yet that, but the dawning of its truth:—this brings him a spiritual release (*mōksha*) from subjection to body and mind as being, in any essential way, himself. So that he can truly say:—

> This, here, is my true kinsman; I can no other than be with him; won to evenness and unity with him: then only become I really he who I am.[2]

In the man as "more-man," we come finally to the most interesting form of growth undergone by Buddhism on a new soil. *Arahan*, meaning in the *Vedas* just "worthy person," makes a curious fresh *début* in the Piṭakan *Vinaya*. We find a rival to the new teacher Gotama claiming the title, in virtue, not of saintly worth, but of psychic hyper-will-power. At the same time new converts to "Sakya," the teaching of the Sakya-sons, with no such credentials, are called Arahans. These, in the *Sutta*-Piṭaka, would be called just Stream-winners, *i.e.*, converts, *arahan* having become reserved for achievement in the highest, or fourth, stage of the Way. Such, it was held, had not just begun the quest of spiritual wayfaring; they had finished, "done what was to be done," with nothing left to do save mystically to pass out (*nir-vān-*). This was an inevitable result of monastic Buddhism's extending its world-lorn theory of Ill to life in other worlds also, ceasing

[1] *Journal of the Pali Texts Society*, 1906-07, pp. 9 ff.
[2] *Mahabharata*. "Moksa."

to regard these with any earnestness as so many opportunities for further "becoming," and losing all vital interest in them—an attitude so akin, alas! to our own.

True, it was a worthy thing to have a working ideal of the man. And, had he been in this conceived as he really was, *i. e.*, as no mere "fivefold bundle," bodily and mental, it might have, perhaps would have, checked the harm that "bundle" theory worked. More likely it was a theory stunting the idealizing imagination of men from developing, under other conditions, to a more-human excellence, and ultimately to a more-than-human realization.

And there was this defect in the *arahan* ideal: its over-concern with the Arahan's own salvation. The three Arahan-formulas of the Piṭakas,[1] to mention only these, leave this in no doubt. I know of but one passage in the Canon where the worthy disciple professes on holy days to copy the Arahans "in compassion for the welfare of all breathing things." This is in the probably quasi-original talk to Visākhā ascribed to Gotama.[2]

It were probably truer to call preoccupation with one's own salvation Indian, rather than just Buddhist. The Indian, speaking in vague generalization, did and, I have gathered, does favour preoccupation as desirable. To give but one instance: Sir Francis Younghusband has told how, in Mid-India, he, as one of a queue, saluted a seated *sannyāsin*, and expressed appreciation of the holy man's absorption in high matters—this (said in the vernacular) met with an accepting grunt—and also with the furthering of the welfare of others. Whereupon the *sannyāsin* broke into a laugh and said: "What have I to do with the welfare of others? It takes me all my time to mind my own welfare." I did not gather that modesty dictated this disclaimer. And in face of such testimony, we cease to wonder that India has produced only one missionary religion within our ken.

And in so far as Hīnayāna Buddhism was genuinely responsible for any foreign missions (and I have ventured to maintain Asoka was not), it was a distinction to have broken away both from this and its own ideal. But, under changed skies, we witness the *arahan* theory transformed into the *bodhisattva* ideal, wherein the leading preoccupation has become just the welfare of others. Still a "person," still the real "man," the *bodhisat* reveals the true "more-than man" in the man. He is the man-idea at its highest conceived power. And the later Buddhism of India reveals this ideal in the Founder's aspiration:—

What if I were now to make resolve, that having attained supreme enlightenment, launching the dhamma-ship, and bringing the Many across the ocean of

[1] *Cf. s. v., Pali* (P. T. S.) *Dictionary.*
[2] *Anguttara-Nikaya*, the "Threes."

wayfaring, I should after that pass utterly on ? [1]

This *bodhisattva* development shows us the resurrection of him " who was rejected of men " in being held to be not real, non-existent save in his instruments, body and mind. There was, it is true, in Mahāyāna lip-acquiescence in this in the term *nirātman*. This was the mission-stuff brought to China from Ceylon, long after missions teaching " the man " will have got thither, banned as they were at Patna. In *bodhisattva*, the *satta :* being, man, came again into his own, and that in a way worthy of Gotama, the much maligned. Here, more worthily than in *arahan*, the " worthy-man," has the man who is experiencer (*vedaka*) and agent (*kāraka*), willer, chooser, doubter, believer, valuer, found the word—found it because he set value on what he sought to name.

C. A. F. RHYS DAVIDS

"THE INQUIRER"

It is a matter for congratulation that a journal like *The Inquirer*, "Organ of Unitarian Christianity and Free Religious Fellowship," should have reached its centenary with spirit of quest undaunted. Appropriate to its title, "I seek after Truth" is printed above its leading article on 11th July, 1942, as it was on July 9, 1842 when its first issue appeared.

All religious reforms have begun as protestant movements. All have been attempts to break the moulds of rigid rites and dogmas that forbid inquiry. The Unitarian Movement was no exception. But protests, being negative, however necessary, must be sterile unless followed by new formulations of vital truth. And the only preventive of subsequent crystallisation around these in turn is the assiduous cultivation of the open mind. Orthodoxy in religion has weakened throughout the world in the last hundred years but the open mind has never been more needed than in our day of militant political ideologies.

P. M. Oliver writes appropriately in this centenary issue on "The Eternal Wayfarer." "Today," he writes,

> we clamour for a new order. But in all this talk there is little of the questing spirit.... The new order is to be a thing of maps, of charters and Acts of Parliament, of rules and regulations....And yet perhaps it is not a new order that is needed so much as a new spirit. Without a new spirit the ten points of the Atlantic Charter may be as vain as the fourteen points of President Wilson. Without a new spirit social, political and economic change may be as dry bones, a lump that is not leavened.

With it, much could be accomplished even within the existing frame. Men inspired by the spirit of quest, Mr. Oliver holds, are the world's great need today.

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[1] *Nidana-Katha*, introduction to the Jataka book.

FOLK-SONGS, LEGENDS AND MYSTICISM

[This is the fourth and last in the series of **Shri Devendra Satyarthi's** articles.—Ed.]

IV.—CREATION MYTHS

The potential seed of mysticism, which is the creation of the same folk mind that gives a common natural vitality to its language and finds spontaneous similes and metaphors, that creates numberless songs and legends and stories—the precursors of literature in almost all lands —this must always have been there. Mysticism can never have been alien to the folk mind.

The folk mind is marvellously the same in all lands; the memory of its joys and sorrows, the birth of its hopes and dreams in the fields and forests, its faith in the good earth that changes far less than modern man may think, its oral tradition of poetry, its similes and metaphors, all these show a striking similarity. Yet it also acquires its own local colour in each country. Anatole France once wrote :—

In songs as in the prose legends the unity of the popular themes is plainly apparent....Old, eternal stories, passing from country to country, take on the hues of the sky, the mountains and the rivers, and become impregnated with the odours of the earth. It is precisely this that gives them their subtle shades and their fragrance; they absorb, as honey does, a savour of the soil. Something of the minds through which they have passed remains in them; and this is why they are dear to us.

The story-teller in every land, in every small village, has always been popular. Stories which have their origin in the blood of the people are far older than the oldest kingdoms known to history; some of them, born of the Gypsy genius, have crossed the barriers of language and of distance.

Here is Aeta Bhokta, the Santal, or rather *Hor* (literally, man), as the three million Santals have called themselves, generation after generation. He is more a singer than a story-teller. His village is Kad-har Beer, near Dumka, in Bihar. The legend of " Two Birds, " called " *Has Hasil,* " one male and the other female, is interesting. The forefathers of the Santals, Aeta Bhokta tells me, were born of the eggs of the mother bird.

" *Hihiri Pipiri* was the original birthplace of our forefathers. We must have left this legendary land far behind somewhere. Where? We know not. For we have been always on the move. And we have ever travelled towards the rising sun. "

The eternal problem of man's journey in quest of something higher does not escape the Santal legend. The Santals are no longer a wandering people; Aeta Bhokta, though poor, is happy in his little village. He sings. He leads the festival

dances, and he lives on the sap of legend, the mysterious travel-story of his soul.

And the Gypsies of Europe, whose language still recalls India, their original home, and who know more of love and freedom than of duty and possession, have a time-honoured legend to tell us :—

" In the beginning we were all birds ; we had wings ; we flew high over trees and mountains to gather our daily food.

" And we were birds flying toward warm countries.

"We left one region for another when the season was about to change... when the leaves on the trees yellowed, when worms and other crawling things were beginning to burrow their holes.

" After a great hunger, we once came upon a region fat with grain, the like of which we had never seen. We swooped down and ate ourselves so full we were too heavy to rise on our wings again. So we remained that night amidst the grass and grain-straw. In the morning, instead of flying away, we listened to our stomachs and ate again. Thus remaining in that field from day to day, we became heavier and heavier, hopping instead of flying. Then the leaves began to yellow on the trees ; the worms and other creatures of the earth crawled into their holes ; the cold winds began to blow, but we could not fly away.

" The grass was thinning. The grain-straw was getting dry. We, too, watching the crawling things, began to shake the grain from the blade, gathering it in heaps with our wings and shoving it into holes. The fluff of our wings crusted, glued, and thickened. The wings took the shape of arms and hands. And as we were no longer able to fly, we dug holes on the shores of the rivers and on the sides of mountains.

" We are birds. Our arms are two stilted wings. We never can see a mountain without desiring to get to the top. But we cannot fly. We must crawl up there.

" The Calo people, the Gypsies, will get their wings back some day. Birds again ! "[1]

And the philosophy of the Gypsies shares the basic note of mysticism. Thus they have been singing generation after generation of the eternal journey in quest of something new, something beyond, touching their dreams :—

" Worldly goods which you possess own you and destroy you. Love must be like the blowing wind, fresh and invigorating. Capture the wind within walls and it becomes stale. Open tents, open hearts. Let the wind blow. "[2]

The Gypsy folklore hears the ancient call of the *Aitraya Brahmana*, wherein a song, addressed to Rohit, with " Chraivaiti chraivaiti " ("Walk on, O walk on ! ") as its refrain, is the gospel of the traveller.

Sarat Chandra Roy's *The Kharias* (*Man in India* Office, Ranchi), is a mine of Kharia folklore. The artless simplicity of the aboriginal people's songs and legends has a charm of its own. The songs mostly keep time with the dances ; and the legends

[1] *The Story of the Gypsies.* By KONRAD BERCOVICI. (Cosmopolitan Book Company, New York, pp. 22-3)

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 31.

that never stale breathe life into Nature that partakes of the moods of the people.

The Kharia people in Ranchi District, in the Gumla sub-division, tell the following *Legend of Creation.*

God first created the earth. And soon the earth was adorned with vegetation. Then one day *Ponomosor* (Sanskrit, *Prameshwar*), the Supreme Deity, made two images out of clay, one of man and the other of woman. These images He put inside the hollow of a banyan. Drop by drop, the banyan's milk fell into the mouths of the images. So they received life and began to grow.

They left the tree one day and made their home in a cave. They had no idea of garments; they lived on fruit and roots. They loved each other. One day the woman gave birth to a child. Again and again, they begot many children. The race of man then multiplied beyond expectation. And they had to face a scarcity of food. "Give us another kind of food, O good God!" men prayed.

Then God sent a violent storm. It blew the leaves of the trees high into the sky. And the leaves were transformed into birds, big and small after the sizes of the leaves themselves. It was God's magic. Man killed the small birds, and there was no scarcity of food.

But the vultures, who lived on small birds, also multiplied. Most of the small birds became food for men and women. What then should the vultures eat? "Give us food, good God!" prayed the vultures.

Now men had begun to cut the fruit-trees. And God was greatly displeased with them for their high-handedness. Soon God sent a great flood. Men, women and children beyond number were drowned. For no less than eight days did the devouring flood rage. Then it subsided. But some clever families had escaped and gone to the hill-tops. The vultures were glad. They had men's dead bodies for food.

Once again God was displeased. This time the clever vultures prayed, "Give us food, good God!"

"You have already got plenty of food, my creatures!" said God.

"Men are obstinate," replied the vultures. "They do not honour you. They fled away to the hill-tops when you sent the flood."

This time God's wrath took the shape of a fire, or rather a rain of fire. For seven days and seven nights, hour by hour, the fire blazed constantly and destroyed man's sons from the earth. Only a brother and a sister survived through the help of Sembhu Raja and Dakai Rani, the king and queen of the subterranean kingdom and of marshy places. The birds, too, survived; for they could fly in the sky.

Then one day God pondered over the matter and repented of his cruel acts, of the flood and the great fire he had sent to destroy his own creation. He ordered the birds to go and find out if any man and woman had survived. The *Dhechua*, that lucky bird who is a *choukidar*

or sentry, was made a leader. And the other birds, the crow, the old *Bhandari* or store-keeper, the *Kuhu*, the *Kotwar* or police-officer, and the *Lipi*, the cook, all had to obey his orders.

In the beginning all birds were white. But during the search for man's progeny, the *Dhechua* sat all the time on the *Burat* trees; the crow, too. So they became black. The *Kuhu*, who sat now on trees, now on the ground, turned brown-black. The *Lipi* always sat on the ground, and so she is brown. They searched and searched, and every night they came and gave an account of their search to God.

Now the crow was becoming fat, while the other birds grew thinner day by day. Once again God wondered. "I am fat, my God," said the crow, "for I am hopeful of my success; the others are disheartened."

The crow had already traced out the brother and the sister concealed in a *Jovi*, or marshy patch, but there were many fruit peels lying there and he would go every day and eat gluttonously. One day, he brought the news to God. It was a great occasion. After all one man and one woman were still alive.

God went all the way to meet the King and Queen of the subterranean region. "It is not good, Lord, to destroy even the last survivors," said Dakai Rani, for she thought God had come to kill the last man and woman.

"I have changed my mind. Give me my man and woman—my offspring—back. I shall look to their safety." So hearing, Dakai Rani handed over the man and the woman, who still looked frightened. "No more fear, little souls!" said God.

And addressing Dakai Rani, God spoke again: "You shall have henceforth seven shares of the race of man, while I'll take only one."

Dakai Rani persists. The Kharias would not forget her. She lives in the subterranean kingdom; her sway over the springs and pools and marshy land is still strong. The Kharias throw the *Arua* rice and powdered turmeric on spring and pool and marshy ground. No Kharia dares to cultivate marshy land, for that would be an open insult to Sembhu Raja and Dakai Rani.

And when a man dies, his one share, his soul, goes on God's path, and his seven shares, his body, must go naturally to Dakai Rani's underground world.

And even so, like the Kharias, the Gonds and the Mundas and the Oraons of Chhota Nagpur have their own legends; and their Creation Legends, too, though varying in development, have similar seeds.

The legend-teller, amidst all the aboriginal tribes of India, is a man of consequence. Legends, which seem to unlock the mystery of the world's creation, are a window to the people's mind, to their inborn mystic quest, and are not "a disease of language," as Max Müller seems to call them. They are not all fiction.

Their warp and woof belong to the history of a people's culture.

The folk mind will outlive kingdoms; it will always work. Its voice is the voice of humanity; its songs, its similes of life and death blended with mystic influence, its legends, even its proverbs and riddles, all seek after harmony and hope, all search for some hidden meaning. It has its diverse moods; but all reveal a certain unity in a common sincerity. Its roots want nourishment and they have found instinctively their appropriate soil. Folk-songs and legends, like their masters, seek a higher truth of life.

DEVENDRA SATYARTHI

THE FUTURE WORLD

In these days when one cannot safely predict even the immediate future, it is with legitimate anxiety that the average man, for whom M. André Maurois writes in *The New York Times Magazine* of 29th March, asks "Will the world ever be the same?" The war over, will the world return to its peaceful round of life in the old way? Will one see again what M. Maurois nostalgically euphemises as "the same abundance, the same freedom, the same love of justice, the same confidence of man in man?" He sees that such a mighty cultural crisis cannot leave the world unshaken, that economic exhaustion will be a grave threat to European civilisaton and that a Nazi victory might mean an ideological revolution. But he thinks that the U. S. A. with its resources and supplies should be able to see the war through without receding far in material civilisation.

But is it not obvious that something was wrong with the tree that has borne such lethal fruit? One hopes that not for nothing is this war being so ruthlessly fought. If an identical world is to emerge out of the present chaos, the suffering will have been in vain. If all the talk about a new world order has any meaning, then there must emerge something different —*a true democracy* —a world ordered on the basis of freedom, justice and fair-play for all nations, races, individuals. The answer to the question "Will the world ever be the same?" depends therefore upon what humanity decides to do with its civilisation at this hour of its trial and crisis. In settling its supreme problem, man must summon faith in his higher self. It is with the aid of this greater self that he has to determine the character of the future world. André Maurois says :—

> Even if the external world never is the same again in our lifetime, there is at least one world that will not change as long as we defend it: that is the world within us. No Panzer divisions, no dive bombers can conquer the Kingdom of God and, so long as that Kingdom survives, Man the Undaunted will soon try again to make the world in its image.

He may succeed in the measure of his recognition of how sorry a caricature of that Kingdom his pre-war efforts had produced.

AMBITION—LEGITIMATE AND ILLEGITIMATE

[Ambition, which **Miss Elizabeth Cross** discusses here as an educationist and a thoughtful student of human nature, has been called " the first curse: the great tempter of the man who is rising above his fellows." And yet not only is it a necessary teacher of the lesson that "to work for self is to work for disappointment," but also, well directed, it is, as she implies, a powerful motor force for human service.—ED.]

In the Western world we all seem to mean one thing when we describe a man as " ambitious " ; we mean that he has " push," that he " means to get on " ; in fact, to most of us it means someone well worth avoiding ! This may seem an exaggerated view, and perhaps an unfair one, for there are a few people still with ambitions of a loftier nature, ambitions to make the world a better place, to discover the cure of some disease, but on the whole it is the unworthier ambitions that are the most common.

In addition to the realistic type of ambitious man we have the extremely common " day-dreamer." The day-dreamer is just as self-centred as the go-getter; he is often equally selfish and self-indulgent; but he takes the easy path of *imagining* future triumphs without taking any of the hard steps to make them real. The majority of our books of fiction, our films and our plays all cater for the day-dreamer and save him the trouble of even creating his own fantasies.

From the point of view of psychological development and social welfare both the " ambitious " man and the day-dreamer are dangerous and we need to modify our educational system so that we can direct our children's aims and ambitions into healthier and more worth-while channels.

Let us try to understand something of the psychology of the conventional ambitious man, and so avoid a repetition of the unfortunate determining factors. First of all, it seems fairly obvious that those who have some inordinate ambition towards amassing great wealth or power are suffering from a desire to compensate some inherent lack. We are all used to hearing overfed magnates describe their early ragged youth, or tell how unpopular they were and how unsuccessfully they fared with their school lessons. Others have overcome social drawbacks, or even physical defects. From investigation it appears that nearly all men who set great store by money have had unhappy childhoods, experiencing a lack of parental love. Thus it would seem that a calm and affectionate home in early years kills any immod-

erate ambition towards great power and wealth.

We can trace many of the less violent ambitions back to some youthful set-back also although, as these are so common and also comparatively harmless, they cause less anxiety. However, any frantic desire to "go one better than the neighbours" or to "keep up appearances" or "not to lose face" is in some manner destructive to a full and happy life and so needs to be amended. Children and young people who have been set an especially high standard by parents or teachers and who have failed to succeed in their tasks are apt to bury these unhappy memories in the depths of the unconscious and from there many strange and unreasonable ambitions will spring. Repressions, too, give rise to many unserviceable ambitions, *e. g.*, a sense of guilt may be translated into a passion for cleanliness in the home beyond all normal requirements.

The day-dreamer is even commoner than the fantastically ambitious and even more in need of treatment. Why is the day-dream so dangerous? Surely it may be the beginning of great and noble actions? Some of our purest poetry and our most far-reaching social reforms, have, it is true, been born, first of all, as a vision or day-dream in some sympathetic mind. But, and it is a very potent but, millions more of excellent schemes, millions of kindly and self-sacrificing actions have been still-born merely because their authors remained content with the dream and never troubled about the reality.

Take the man, or the woman, who is dissatisfied with his present work. He feels it to be unworthy, to be of little importance and of no social value. He imagines himself in some other job. Perhaps the woman feels drawn towards nursing the sick, or towards going to some far country or into the homes of the poorly paid working folk who need help. She sits and dreams of this; she fancies herself clothed in the uniform that means help and succour; she sees herself welcomed by a frantic family; she experiences their gratitude when she saves their sick child. She feels grand! In fact she feels so much better after this that she goes back to her perfectly idiotic and useless life, having expended a vast amount of creative energy on nothing. No one is any the better for her day-dream. The woman may even feel an unpleasant shock when she arrives at her work and finds no one as charming to her as the imaginary folk in her dream and so she snaps back and the atmosphere is even worse.

Those who spend a large portion of their time absorbing "escape" literature or films are in an equally precarious psychological position. They are using energy, particularly creative energy, in imagining themselves in exciting or satisfying positions instead of taking the first steps to render their own lives complete and harmonious. Day-

dreaming, which, in moderation, might prove the right soil for the growth of worthy ambition, becomes its death-bed instead.

The adult who finds himself snared by false and unworthy ambitions can best escape by resolute self-examination (although he may need help from some skilled adviser) paying particular attention to his early memories of childhood and trying to find out in what way his real self falls short of the ideal and the normal. We are all self-deceivers, however, and it is quite possible that those in the clutch of antisocial ambitions may find themselves disguising their real motives. The man ambitious for power or for money may fancy himself as a social benefactor, able to bestow munificent gifts upon hospitals, to endow libraries and otherwise to aid humanity. He must re-examine his motives in the light of true democracy, understanding that it is better for everyone to have the opportunities to *earn* benefits, to be paid a fair wage and to be free to dispose of it in his own way than to be a grateful but helpless slave.

Those of us who have any part in the education of children and young people must try to lift their ambitious aims onto worthier planes, and must also help the children to realise their own creative capacities to the full. If a child is able to develop naturally and freely, making use of his own special abilities by means of carefully graded exercises (physical, mental and artistic), he will be in a position to realise actual ambitions without falling into dangerous and impossible day-dreams.

Another important matter to realise is that as children emerge from the ego-centric stage into a more communal development they are ready for some direction of the ambitious impulses. They are anxious to feel a part of the adult world, to feel that they can make some contribution to the general welfare of society. They are ready for hero-worship. In the past we have presented them with many of the worst characters possible as heroes—ruthless soldiers, hard-hearted exploiters, men whose careers will bear no impartial investigation. Surely, it is time we faced up to this and rewrote our history books with a little more regard to truth and morals ! Children today know a great deal about Napoleon and Jehngis Khan and Hitler, but very little concerning Socrates or Asoka or even Jesus Christ (who, on the whole, has been relegated as a boringly "meek and mild" watery character.)

In this matter of direction of ambition we must try to stress the value of co-operation, choosing people who have started movements that have bettered mankind and showing how they have depended on countless unknown heroes to bring their ambitions to fruition. The child must understand the value of his or her daily efforts to lead a busy and co-operative life. He must be shown how a household of unselfishly

happy people radiates good-will and benefits the whole community and how he can influence those with whom he works by trying to understand their needs and to fit in with them.

It is no good our being merely negative in dealing with ambition. If we turn out one devil and leave a void, who knows what worse devils may rush in ? No, the old conception of the ambitious man must be thrown away completely, but we must have a positive aim to put in its place. Instead of a desire for self-glorification let us show the value of self-realisation, so that each one is able to exercise his powers to the utmost for the common good.

I should like to quote a very simple story of what seems to me to be the epitome of a good ambition. It is this. Once, not so long ago, an old countryman lay dying. His lawyer came to help settle his affairs, as he had a famous business, making farm waggons. Apparently there was very little money to be disposed of. " Why, Mr. George, " said the lawyer, " I'm surprised that a famous cart-maker like you has so little money to leave. I thought you'd have made a deal of money. " " No, " said the old man happily, " I haven't made any money, but *I've made a gurt lot of good carts.* "

ELIZABETH CROSS

THE GANGA RAM TRUST

The Report for 1941 of the Sir Ganga Ram Trust Society of Lahore is interesting. Its propaganda against indefensible social taboos has been effective. Nearly three thousand widows were helped to remarriage during the year. The destitute have been relieved. Vocational training and guidance and support to deserving students have been given. Free medical aid to sufferers irrespective of caste or creed bears further witness to the late Founder's breadth of philanthropic vision. The Lady Maynard Industrial School has Sikh as well as Hindu students. Noteworthy also is the Maynard-Ganga Ram Prize of Rs. 3000/-. It is awardable triennially for discovery or invention helpful in enhancing agricultural production in the Punjab on a paying basis. And it is " open throughout the world to all, irrespective of caste, creed or occupation." Too many trusts are earmarked for particular communities. Sir Ganga Ram dedicated himself to the cause of suffering humanity.

REWARD FOR CURIOSITY

[Is it "The Spirit of Absolute Honesty," whom **Mr. Leslie W. Taylor** here commiserates, that is deserving of our sympathy, or poor, half-blind Humanity, who drives it into exile ? He closes on a note of disheartenment but we hold with Walt Whitman that

"What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed,
knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time."—Ed.]

Encouraged by Vanity, and making Freedom the excuse for my journeys, I endeavoured hopefully to escape from the Valley of Ignorance and to scale the Hazardous Mountains of Knowledge. So engrossed in my task did I become, that the sheer joy of Adventure alone eased the bitterness of my repeated failures, until I was finally persuaded to accept the Inevitable and to return to my confinement in the world of Little Men.

True, my eager eyes would not rest even then, and in my painful search for Truth, my Optimistic Soul would not be said "Nay," so that I suffered untold agonies in the Mist of Self-deception. Peace I might have found had my Imagination possessed no wings but, growing restless and resentful, it contrived to make me frantic with its innumerable flights into the Great Unknown. Hence my unhappy position ! For while thus engaged I unfortunately made the acquaintance of "The Spirit of Absolute Honesty" and ever since, my discomfort here has been intensified to such proportions, that I contemplate fearfully upon the ultimate fate of my nervous mentality.

He ("The Spirit of Absolute Honesty") is a comparative Stranger to this Industrious Earth, for he can only attend the Doings of man when invited so to do and, he tells me, these moments have been very rare indeed.

The memory of long empty centuries behind Him, the prospect of dark lonely ages before Him, weighs upon His poor tearless heart so heavily, that one feels acutely the utter Hopelessness of His existence—so much so, that the flood of ice-cold Regret that instinctively follows threatens to melt one's Backbone. But Tears avail nothing in that unspoilt place where no human being has ever breathed.

The winds of Time whistled through His ribs, and as He stood there alone, beyond the vast Horizon of Friendship, where the Warm Breeze of Affection cannot penetrate, His parched bones thrown into bold relief against the background of Eternity, He touched my hand with the eagerness of a child and breathed into my nostrils the Spirit of Truth

I had so tirelessly sought.

Being by nature impulsive, I was so impressed by the Dignity of His bearing, the depth of His patience, and the Strength of His faith, that I embraced Him suddenly, as one would attempt to share the callous injustice thrust upon a weak beloved friend—a display of Sympathy in the face of Hopelessness when nothing one can do will ease the burden or change the circumstances one little jot—and with that, I bade Him farewell.

Farewell indeed, for my lack of Courage and apparent unwillingness to make Him my lifelong Friend, has proved my undoing, and I am condemned forever to the Misery of Inaction in the cramped and sheltered surroundings of my former abode.

The Thrill of Adventure has gone, and the Fire of Enthusiasm is quenched for all time, so that only a Dead grey cinder remains. Desire is but a Prisoner of the earth, held Captive by the Chains of Reality and Self-Reproach, and "Man's ingratitude to Man" is no longer a mere paraphrase of a line of Poetry.

Beauty sits in Rags and cackles in mock Pleasure, like a crazy witch who haunts the Alleys of Industry and lives on the Refuse left by careless inhabitants. Justice has become an Unmusical Comedy that entertains me during the hours I would reserve for Sleep, so that now I perceive the Wraith of Despair hovering near my elbow like a hungry vulture waiting for a sign of Weakness.

Woe is me—Woe is me! My present state is worse than the last and this—This must be my reward for CURIOSITY.

LESLIE WALKER TAYLOR

The antidote against modern materialism lies obviously in the contemplative life, in man becoming philosophic. I do not know whether I am a Taoist. I simply have not thought of the question. But I do know that Taoism is a powerful deterrent against the excesses of the external life. Without calling oneself a Taoist—since I heartily dislike all isms—an educated man must come to have a unified and philosophic view of himself, of his fellow-men, of life, and the universe. The process of education mainly consists in clearing oneself of a number of foolish presumptions, humbugs, and prejudices that beset the common man's mind. Some of the commonest assumptions and presumptions that are dangerous to a man's spiritual life are our worship of wealth and power and success, and beliefs in luck, adversity, and triumph over others, and the reality of the material world. For all these illusions of the material world, Taoism has rather specific antidotes.—LIN YUTANG

CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

[We publish here the second of the **Rev. Leslie Belton's** articles on this important subject.—Ed.]

II.—ORTHODOXY OR LIBERALISM

No survey of religious trends in Britain can overlook the remarkable development in recent years, and not only as a result of the pressure of war, of a new spirit of fraternity among the Christian churches. This co-operation takes two forms. One is seen in the movement towards reunion which, in spite of manifest difficulties, may yet succeed in ironing out the sharper denominational differences and achieving a *rapprochement* within the doctrinal sphere. The other, avoiding all questions of dogma, seeks common ground in ethical principles for the sake of social action.

This latter movement antedates the war but only during the past two years have Roman Catholics shown any willingness to act in concert with their Protestant brethren, and the alliance is still precarious, strictly limited to the major purpose of promoting Christian thought and action in matters of social and moral welfare. It is none-the-less a happy sign of the times that in the English city where the writer now resides no fewer than thirty-six interdenominational study groups embracing adherents of all the churches are engaged in examining and reporting on questions affecting the life of the community.

Whether this new development will continue after the war when tension is relaxed cannot now be foreseen. The adhesion of the Catholics is improbable unless adversity compels Rome to modify her exclusive claims, for questions of dogma are bound sooner or later to obtrude even in the ethical sphere. On the question of religious education, for instance, the Catholic and Protestant views are bound to conflict. Concord, even co-operation, between Catholics and Protestants can be only a façade covering irreconcilable divergences. Rome's claims are wholly incompatible with the more tolerant, if still orthodox, atmosphere of the reformed communions.

Even the common front which Protestantism itself presents to the world is criss-crossed with opposing loyalties which will render the establishment of a united Church no easy achievement. What divides them, however, is not so much theology and creed (if we exclude the Unitarians) as questions of church order arising out of their origin and history, questions of slight importance to readers of The Aryan Path. What unites them is their common loyalty to the Lordship of Jesus Christ to whom worship is offered as " the only-begotten Son of

God—very God of very God—Who for us men, and for our Salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

This extract from the Nicene Creed represents the definitive orthodox Christian doctrine which all Christians must unfeignedly believe. In actual fact many Christians do not unfeignedly believe it though they may profess it, a distinction whose reality depends upon the believer's facility in interpreting plain words metaphorically rather than in the precise meaning they were meant to convey. Individually, Christians may confess to doubts of the creeds; even a bishop, the late Dr. H. Hensley Henson, can declare that there exists today "a dangerous chasm between the language of the Creeds and the thought of educated Western Christians," but these historic formularies still remain sacrosanct and are occasionally invoked as a standard and test of orthodoxy. The creeds are still the cement of the Church, binding all orthodox Christians into a common, but visibly unrealised, communion.

Modernists may thrust the creeds into the background and call for revision or the omission of creedal recitations from public worship, but the Unitarians remain the only Christian body in Europe who collectively repudiate the creeds as a standard of faith, and by so doing exclude themselves from the "mainstream of Christian tradition." The final authority, says the Unitarian, is not a Church, a Book, or a Creed but the conscience, reason and spiritual perceptiveness of man himself. Loyalty to truth is the only valid test. There is thus a foundation of humanism in the Unitarian stand-point, and a leaning towards universalism. That is why the Unitarian is usually able to appreciate the value of other great religions with more insight and less reserve than his orthodox colleague.

It is, however, one of the anomalies of the Protestant churches that even professing traditionalists may hold views on doctrine scarcely less heretical than those of their more openly rebellious brethren and yet still be accepted, if sometimes on sufferance, as members of an orthodox body. Within the mainstream you are ecclesiastically approved, and you are safe. Outside it you are disapproved as a sectary and a heretic; moreover, the British Broadcasting Corporation will ignore your existence. This authority is, in all religious matters, emphatically "mainstreamish" and persistently averse to allowing the privilege of the microphone to any declared heretic or non-Christian believer. It adopts this safeguarding attitude regardless of the fact that orthodox Christians are decidedly a minority in the country and regardless also of the other religions which the peoples of the Commonwealth profess. No Buddhist or Hindu may expound his faith and all minority movements are proscribed in the land of religious freedom. Dogma calls the tune all

the time, and the tune is invariably a variation on the credal theme—a preposterous situation in a country which prides itself on its liberty. Genuine religious liberty would involve not only the personal right to profess one's own convictions in private and in public but also equity in the apportionment of such privileges as a national institution like the B. B. C. can bestow.

Orthodox Christianity also calls the tune in religious education, or soon will if opponents of credal Christianity raise no vigorous protest. Children, it is said, are growing up in ignorance of the Christian religion. Even if this be true, and the facts have been wildly exaggerated, it affords no justification for introducing dogmatic teaching into the national schools, a procedure which would give the custodians of orthodoxy the opportunity they want and might well lead to the reimposition of religious tests. Only an "approved" teacher would be allowed to teach religion; the more enlightened teacher would not be approved.

In theology also, as in religious practice, conservatism is now in the ascendant and liberalism in decline. A neo-orthodoxy has arisen to emphasise the transcendence of God and the iniquity of man, an emphasis which in its extreme form, in the theology of Dr. Karl Barth, denies any community of being between the divine and the human. God can descend to man but man cannot ascend to God. Even in its more moderate and more acceptable form, neo-orthodoxy implies the reassertion of dogma as an indispensable element in the Christian Faith and an essential of the Christian Revelation. In Jesus Christ, says Dr. Nathaniel Micklem (Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford), we find "very God come to seek and save the lost." The death of Jesus was the "crucifixion of the Incarnate Word," a unique historic event.

Yet religious liberalism is not dead, as some notable recent books by W. E. Hocking, J. B. Pratt, John C. Bennett and others, mostly Americans, are continuing to prove. It is clear, though, that liberalism needs restating. The liberal influence is mildly apparent, side by side with a rigid traditionalism, in the *Report on Christian Doctrine in the Church of England* published in 1936. A forthcoming volume sponsored by English Unitarians containing the report of a Commission on a Free Religious Faith is designed to show that religious liberals are determined to combat the present dogmatic trend, in the interest not of an alternative particularism but of a spiritual philosophy more profound and more universal than that which orthodoxy presents, and of a Faith that is consonant with traditional values and modern insights alike. Religious liberals are aware of the weak points in their case; Professor Reinhold Niebuhr, recent Gifford Lecturer, presses the charge and points the challenge. The challenge will be met. A new religious liberalism will arise to enhearten and to direct the makers of the world that is to be.

LESLIE BELTON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A PHILOSOPHY OF POETRY. *

This work contains the three Sir George Stanley Lectures at the University of Madras, on poetry, its nature, quality and function. An appendix on W. B. Yeats illustrates the thesis. Many philosophical, literary and psychological theories bearing on the subject are brought in and distinctions are made with a clear perception of the essentials. The first two lectures are critical of other attitudes and prepare the ground for the third, which formulates positively the author's own position. Criticism will naturally fasten on that. We shall comment on the implications of his concept of Poetry as Monad and Poetry as Communication.

Professor Kabir is firm on the philosophical ground. Only we wish that the Indian æsthetic theory of the *Rasa* (Emotion) and *Dhvani* (Suggestion) Schools had also been pressed into service. A line like Mammata's which defines the spirit of Art as

> *Niyati Krta Niyama Rahitam,*
> *Hlvdaika mayim, Ananyaparatantram,*
> *Navarasaruciram,...*
> (Constrained by no rule or ordinance,
> rich with Delight, independent of all
> external control,
> and glowing with all the nine emotions),

and the postulation of a sympathetic cultured reader in tune with any type of poetical expression at the reception-end of Poetry and Art would have been helpful to him. His acquaintance with both the theory and craft of poetry is intimate, a qualification which Leibnitz, whose Monadology has inspired him, did not, alas, possess. The advantage of being himself a practitioner in Poetry—and no one who is not at least potentially a poet has a right to talk about the function of Poetry, he says—is very real.

A Monad is a throbbing unit of life, light and energy, and the soul of the Poetry Monad is said to be the communication of an imaginative experience which draws from a background of half-revealed mysteries; Society is the basis and necessity of this communication; its supreme mystery is in a beauty whose secret is exquisite suggestiveness. If this lighting on the concept of the Monad is a stroke of luck, it can also get him into as bad a quandary as he sees other explanations falling into. What would be convenient as simile or metaphor breaks down if worked into elaborate correspondence and identities.

He first discusses the theory that the function of poetry—which is but its nature considered dynamically—as useful or pleasure-giving; and as instructive or morally improving. Both the utility and the pleasure concepts are, however, soon rejected as not essential. The explanations offered by Arnold, Tolstoy, Professors Joad and Richards—that poetry is "criticism of life" or that "it educates and liberalises the emotions"; that it "is

* *Poetry, Monads and Society.* By HUMAYUN KABIR. Sir George Stanley Lectures, 1941. (The University of Calcutta. Rs. 3/-)

a guide to action"; that it "is an instrument of evolutionary purpose facilitating the emergence of a new level of consciousness"; that it "evokes emotion to help take up fitting attitudes towards things," that, involving as it does "the whole Soul of man," "it becomes the necessary channel for the reconstitution of order," though refined-looking, are similar in kind and, therefore, commend themselves no better.

Aristotle's Mimesis as mere "Imitation of life" is also not very satisfying. But Mimesis would be satisfactory if more liberally interpreted as "imitating [not life, but] a conception or imagination of life"—a fine distinction to make though not without its own difficulties. So would Katharsis be, as "leading to the enjoyment of an imaginative experience for its own sake, uninfluenced by the necessity of any responsive action." For the Pity and Terror which are generated in Tragedy are sought and enjoyed. Mimesis and Katharsis are complementary. The former

> provides us with a vivid imagination of significant experience and Katharsis is our ability to withhold the act at the height of energy and enjoy experience for its own sake.

And Katharsis itself

> is not a mere therapeutic device, whether by purgation, abreaction or inoculation or a religious purification, or even a psychological sublimation.

The elements which enter into Poetry's make-up are mentioned: sincerity, skill, experience and communication of a fresh inspiration. Poetic activity is as disinterested as children's play, and Poetry is a product of creative imagination distinguished by "freedom and fluidity." A poem is an individual concrete whole "internally complex and externally free"; "not an element in a system of reality which is 'subject' to practical and cognitive implications" or to relations "of use, causality, time, change, etc." "When permanent form is given to the uniquely significant experience which is isolated from the flux of things and contemplated for its own sake," Art (here, Poetry) has functioned. From such a description to calling Poetry a Monad or the world of Poetry a world of Monads is but a step.

Professor Kabir should, we think, have developed fully the possibility of the latter so as to build it into a scheme of the æsthetic predication of all Reality. A few questions may then be asked: Is it the poem which is the Monad or is it Poetry itself, the *genre*, as distinguished from other branches of Literature and Art or from the poetry of a single poet, instinct with particular character and bearing his signature? Or is it poetry as perceived or understood after it is embodied in a poem? Though he is careful to state that "experience, expression and communication are different facets of the same act," conception, projection, and reception have each their special emphases, their special forms of recognition, technique and judgment. There seem to be two strands in his exposition if not even in his thought: one at the level of the emergence of a poem and the other at that of the conception of a generalised process, developing which we get an all-inclusive, almost archetypal Monad of monads, of which individual poetry-monads are live-member-organisms, all poetry being conterminous with all reality æsthetically grasped, and in

its kind eternal. But to this world of poetry new members are continually added by the work of the poets from outside this grand order of existences, bringing an accession of wealth and variety to the Microcosmic monad, perhaps even so as to modify its total expressiveness.

The method of inquiry adopted here, skirmishing all along the line, is brilliant, but leaves us panting. The face of the subject is worked up not so much in bold or integrated lines as presented through innumerable successive small strokes of the brush. Terms like Imagination, Beauty, Form, Experience, Expression, Intuition, have all had emotional and partisan associations in controversy, splinters whereof have been strewn over the entire field of the History of Art. If instead of the present method—rigorous, earnest and curious in purpose and vision certainly, a preliminary study of the poetical quality was made in a poem (for Poetry is, after all, poems), or in several varieties and grades of poetic composition, greater clarity would have been achieved. A degree of abstraction is no doubt inevitable in all philosophical inquiry, which deals more with kinds and generalisation than with data or particular analysis; but the other method would avoid much "cerebral revery."

As it is, the discussion at some points seems more logistic and subtle than useful or giving real direction. And we need direction: For example, what makes a beautiful poem poetical or otherwise? What further elements go into it if "great" be imported as a criterion in criticism? Is there a possibility of any pure poetry whose expressiveness is not analysable in terms of a definite prose-sense but which works through suggestion, association, feeling-tone and atmosphere? How much, again, does meaning-structure gain or lose from the more purely formal and technical elements? Expression can be intuitive, sensational, reflective, descriptional, and even technical, in and through each of which the impulse to form attains to finished articulation.

Then, how much is poetry perceived by differences in the level and culture of the readers? How much significance is added to a major poem in the interpretation of it and the responses it evokes through time? Is the suggestion, for instance, of the themes in the *Oresteia* or in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* or in the greater epics, after centuries of illuminating criticism and interpretation, the same as in the minds of Æschylus and Shakespeare or of their own audiences?

Shall we say that these poetry monads are "finite and imperfect entities which are striving all along to be infinite and perfect," as the Leibnitzian monads do? How much would these be appreciated for their poetry in the ordinary parlance? If the poetry is the poem's significance, in what does that inhere? In all those "fabrics of meaning" which countless generations of men build round it or take from it—philosophical, ethical, social, artistic? How is all this likely to help us in distinguishing the poetical from the unpoetical aspects of, say, *Paradise Regained*, the second part of *Faust*, *The Dynasts* or *The Testament of Beauty?* A consequence of the method employed here is the relegation to comparative unimportance of all those considera-

tions of the medium, the technique and the form of poetry, which for one school have almost been its distinctive feature, and of the distinctions between kinds and levels of performance.

The author's preoccupation with the monad has eliminated the consideration of many aspects of interrelation between poetry and society. In the monadic character of poetry, reference to society is said to be necessarily contained. In a poem the personal and the social objective are held in an inseparable and live unity. Society is mirrored in it; as in a context of time, no doubt, but essentially and for all time. And the more elements in interrelation included in it, the greater is the poetry. And, as society is implied in communication, communication is implied in expression.

This brings Professor Kabir to equating poetic expression with communication. He is sensing the difficulties of this position; for he raises the extra-æsthetic question, why should the poet otherwise publish his poem at all? If an audience is not present the poet writes for himself, if not in fact, in principle. But then is communication a constitutive element? An urgency to express is felt. A meaning or a spirit is in possession and must be thrown off. At best, a poem is a record. And, because words have a meaning to all who know them and can feel their impact, the expression achieves communication. Communicability is there by virtue of the medium between artist and perceiver. Mallarmé's statement that "Poetry is written not with ideas but with words," though extremely put is apt to be forgotten—words which are symbols, evocative of imagery, having sense qualities, rhythm, meaning, suggestion, historical or other association, provoking faith and prejudice. They are used by a person who has, as Bergson puts it,

> a natural detachment, one innate in the structure of sense or consciousness, which at once reveals itself by a virginal manner, so to speak, of seeing, learning or thinking.

The poem's "unrelatedness" breaks down here because of the use of words; for their meanings, rhythms, qualities and movement are bricks ready-made and a too precious or private use of these not only impairs the value of the currency but, with it, the quality of the communication.

The author fully notes the poetic process as it arises in the excited sensibility of one who is capable of intense imaginative experience; as it drives through with a heightened awareness of the significance of things and relations; as a charge or clarity of mood or feeling structure whose dominant emotional tone seizes, organizes and articulates a single beautiful form of expression in and through words. A poem is then born containing not only the particular "fleeting vision of one gifted person but the Social and the Racial Universe." For all poetry derives inspiration from "the basic primeval, undifferentiated levels of instinct and feeling which constitute the racial Unconscious"—the matrix for all inspiration, noticed often as "the irrational and involuntary element" in poetry. Time is thus linked with history and an eternity of growing significance—each new work of art holding the essence of all the artistic work that has been done before it and in its turn modifying all that by demanding to be incorporated in it.

One would have liked, however, to hear a little more about the medium, for "sensitiveness to a medium as medium," and mastery of it, are part at least of the heart-essence of Art, more especially as it relates to "the varied substance of the Arts." Professor Kabir's discussion of the nature of words as poetry shapes, through metre, imagery and metaphor, and his treatment of meaning need to be fuller to aid us in perception, discrimination and enjoyment. He is perhaps hard on the term personal; he uses it as too nearly synonymous with the purely private. So is he hard on Science: though its method and temper are different, its perception can be as clean and clear, as disinterested and free from a sense of the practical, as the æsthetic experience. It is not, Dewey declares,

> the absence of desire or thought but their thorough incorporation into perceptual experience which characterises the æsthetic experience.

What shall we say of the contemplation of the Nebular Hypothesis or of the Expanding Universe, or of the moment when Creative or Emergent Evolution explanations lit up whole vistas of imagination and vision in the minds of their first discoverers? An intuitive grasp of reality is there as well. The nature and mode of formulation only are different. It is the emotional-sensuous expressions which are the differentia in art.

Sentences like "the subject-matter of Poetry never changes nor grows stale" or, that that of "great poetry is always commonplace or trite" appear a trifle too simple. If the lines that cling to memory in Shakespeare are trite observations like "ripeness is all," is such observation not informed with, coloured by and compact of all those essences and the play of meaning which have prepared us for that utterance like whose fulfilment it stands out? Again, are Wordsworth's "Ode" and the "Lines on the Tintern Abbey" so easy "in appeal to the young inexperienced child" and "to the unlettered peasant"? Or, are these poems not among Wordsworth's best? The author's ban on Hunger as a possible source of inspiration may also have to be lifted, even in the light of his own statements elsewhere.

The note on Yeats pays tribute to a poet, the purity and the integrity of whose vision and performance have won for him universal regard. In this appendix, however, Professor Kabir lets in sentiment and even a mild mysticism. And "transcendental," on which he could be caught frowning earlier, is used fairly frequently.

But all this is nibbling criticism of an extremely stimulating, well-thought-out and well-written book on a subject which has fascinated the finest minds of the world.

V. SITARAMIAH

The Confession of an Octogenarian. By L. P. JACKS. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 15*s.*)

Towards the end of his autobiography, Dr. Jacks remarks that "in writing this book I have found, as it were, an air raid shelter for the mind, temporary but effective. I shall be glad if it serves the same purpose for anyone who reads it." It is true that his volume has the power to serve such a purpose, but the image is the wrong one, too much suggesting a merely passive running or hiding away from terrible reality. I would rather think of it in terms of a soldier's or warden's or first-aid man's steel helmet, giving him courage and confidence—in addition to a certain measure of protection—as he sallies forth to do his necessary job in the teeth of whatever danger may threaten. For it has, in a world all too full of strife and peril and cruelty and suffering, a sanitary quality in its warrant of human goodness, human sanity, human integrity and human aspiration. Men fail of their dreams, and blunder into shattering disaster, but (one feels as one reads) if there is this stuff in them, they will and must come through: the *last* word will not be disaster.

Dr. Jacks writes a good deal of the Common Man, meaning broadly what some might call the "whole" or "organic" man, but in a less esoteric sense he is a good deal of a common man himself, born humbly of "the people" and never turning his face from them through many years of academic, intellectual and spiritual eminence. In telling of his boyhood home and family, the stress is always on his identity, hardly ever on his difference, and this it is which enables him to bring his parents, his childhood and his youth so vividly to life, with humour and fidelity. The result is a section, small but deep, cut into the solid unsensational core of ordinary English living, rich, bitter, honest, frank. The steps in his progress are told with quiet, unpretentious, unpretending precision—from schoolmaster to theological student, from student to Unitarian minister, from minister in Liverpool and Birmingham to an Oxford lectureship in philosophy and editorship of the world-known *Hibbert Journal.* He has also to tell of travels, of encounters with known and unknown, of endeavours and of points of view.

It is perhaps too much to ask of a philosopher's autobiography that it makes completely clear even the bases of his outlook, but the reader knowing no more of Dr. Jacks than this one volume may well wish to have heard more of the steps by which he conceives his desired "completing of the Reformation" ("till it reached a point where no Authority was recognised save that of the living God") as coming about. In that great work not only all Christian denominations but the leading religions also of the East had in his broad-minded view their part to play, and also central to it stood "the idea of the spiritual universe as Ptolemaic, with the Common Man at the centre of it; the idea of religion, not as a possession which some men have and others have not, but universally present when the Common Man expresses himself in his wholeness, and therefore independent of church-and-chapel patronage; the idea, even, of a union between the spiritual culture of East and West." Almost always he

realised religion as greater than any single creed's expression of it, though it must be added that some of his later views on the New Testament are not easy to fit into so broad a picture.

Disillusioned by "reconstruction" (or the lack of it) after the last World War, he looks to the immediate future with many doubts. But in "the final destiny of the Common Man" his faith is complete, and this grave, brave, noble, human book manifests it unwaveringly.

GEOFFREY WEST

Grand Strategy: The Search for Victory. By H. A. SARGEAUNT and GEOFFREY WEST. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

There was a time when wars were won more or less on pure military strategy. But under the swiftly changing modern conditions, when both the methods of war and its repercussions on social life are changing swiftly, wars can be fought and won only by those nations who are most comprehensively awake to all the relevant changes which the war involves—and not merely are aware of them but able to step ahead by actively initiating them. That is the field for the grand strategist, who looks beyond the war to the subsequent peace. The basis of grand strategy is, therefore, the reciprocal relationship subsisting between war and the society in which it occurs. So war is viewed, not as something extraneous, but as a social activity shaped by, and in its turn shaping, the participating systems of government and society alike. Grand strategy accordingly adopts a broader view than any military strategy does.

The last war proved that mere military success could not secure the democracies a safe future. Within less than fifteen years of the imposed peace they saw that crippling indemnities and the suppression of all progressive activities in the defeated nation not only could not act as effective deterrents but proved dangerous incentives to preparation for a retaliatory war. If today the democracies want assurance that a new Versailles will not lead to a new Munich they must seek it in their peace aims and in their ideas of reconstructing the world after the war. The authors believe that the faults of the last peace can be avoided by understanding the true nature of war, by a true appreciation of the implications of victory and by faith in such creative leadership as is to be found in Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill.

It is a pardonable but a dangerous temptation for the victors to attempt the exploitation of victory by fantastic protestations. Allied propaganda insists that they are the Good fighting the Evil—an insistence that might easily seek to justify retributive punishment for Germany. But the scope of grand strategy must extend to a plane where such narrow considerations yield place to the re-educating of Germany to the conviction that Nazism is an obsolete strategy which pulls back in the race of progress.

With the war still in progress it is undoubtedly difficult to foresee how such constructive idealism can be made to work in practice. Grand strategy must, however, concern itself with making it prevail rather than with attempting the impossible alternative which the authors suggest—that national energies should be kept at a high pitch of efficiency both in actual

capacity for the arts of peace and in potential capacity for the most modern forms of war, so that few would wish and none would dare to hazard military challenge.

With all their good intentions, however, the authors seem to entertain the complacent illusion that the liberation of oppressed *Europe* and the establishment of some kind of peace *there* will solve the problems created by this war. They seem to be concerned about the future security of the democracies of the West. But unless they boldly face the facts and conceive a comprehensive scheme for the future in which *all* the suppressed nations of the world shall be helped to a position of parity with those who claim to be the guardians of peace, their protestations will be empty slogans. It is a question of the peace of the world and not merely of the West. Grand strategy, to deserve the name, must evolve something which will secure world peace.

V. M. INAMDAR

Poetry and Prophecy. By N. KERSHAW CHADWICK. (Cambridge University Press. *7s. 6d.*)

This small volume, packed with facts gleaned in obscure fields, is a welcome attempt at synthesis. The similarities in tradition and in ritual between peoples scattered from Polynesia to Tibet and from Uganda to Northern Siberia bear strong evidence to human unity. Except in Europe, the outstanding motif of oral literature as of mantic practices is the "quest for immortality, the effort of men and women to master matter by spirit." Europe has always shown a "predominant preoccupation of man with himself—his almost total absorption in his temporary physical life." But "in Asia, in Polynesia, even in Africa, man's chief intellectual preoccupations and speculations are with spiritual adventure." It has indeed, as Mrs. Chadwick suggests,

> a special refreshment and value for us to find that still, among the vast majority of mankind, the principal adventures take place, not on the field of battle, but in the mind of man.

And the similarities noted rule out, Mrs. Chadwick believes, the possibility of independent origin. Her conclusions, based on twenty years' research in oral literature, seem to lend no support to civilisation's having originated in savagery. She questions any relationship between the culture of today's backward communities and the [hypothetical] culture of truly "primitive" or early man. Mrs. Chadwick believes that retracing the peripheral cultures' history by means only of known facts will make it clear that

> the farther back we can carry our researches the higher the culture becomes, and the more the immediate sources of these cultures tend to converge....It is part of the value of the oral traditions and culture of communities on the outer edge of the World that they have preserved for us...reflections of the long forgotten spiritual life and art of the great civilisations of the past....Neither ritual nor tradition are primitive, but comparatively late growths. It is, indeed, to be suspected that the most primitive peoples living to-day are not originators, but the heirs of millennia of culture, imperfectly transmitted and now deteriorated often beyond recognition.

PH. D.

From the Ends of the Earth. By MARY TREVELYAN. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

For more than twenty years Student Movement House, in the Bloomsbury district of London, has provided a centre of fellowship and reconciliation, where students from all over the world have felt at home. For nearly half that time the House has been under the inspiring and inspired leadership of Mary Trevelyan, who has written this fascinating account of her adventures in the service of students. She tells sadly of the growing tendency to institute a colour-bar in London life. "Very often a coloured man, searching for lodgings, will find the door is slammed in his face."

> H. I., from Madras, is in a state of misery and fury, as two English girls with whom he has been very friendly, visiting their home and so on, have written to him to say he must not come again, as they have developed "colour consciousness."

In 1937 Mary Trevelyan travelled round the world, visiting students who had once been frequenters of the House, and who had returned to their own countries. She found one of them an Anglican clergyman who, because of his colour, may not enter the English Club in a certain city of the East, although some of the Club members come to his Church and listen to his sermons! She also found how difficult is the position of the "England-returned man" in India, and how hard he finds it to obtain satisfactory employment. At the end of her book she prints a valuable and discerning report on this problem, in the course of which these words occur:—

> At the very most I should say that I met five men (*i. e.*, England-returned men in India) who have fallen on their feet economically, not, of course, counting the men who have gone into the Indian Civil Service.... Serious and widespread unemployment is, therefore, the first fact which these young men must grasp on their return home, and many of them, and their parents, must regret the amount of time and money spent on obtaining English degrees.

Further East Miss Trevelyan noticed a poster outside a public park, which may go some way towards explaining subsequent events. It read, "Chinese and Dogs not admitted."

In America, she saw the immense International Houses established by the Rockefeller Foundation; but found that for economic reasons such heavy rents have to be charged for rooms in these that a very small proportion of foreign students can afford to live in them. She comes to the conclusion that the policy followed by Student Movement House is the right one, *viz.*, not to attempt to provide a residential club, but to let the students make their own arrangements for living accommodation, giving them in the House the opportunity to obtain food and recreation and to enjoy a real international fellowship.

In following this policy she has done work of incalculable value. One student returned from Abyssinia after most tragic experiences there came to see the House, where he had formerly been so happy in London, and said to her, "I expect you will wonder why I have come back to see you. It was because I wished to know if the House was still here, and I see that it is the only thing in my life that has remained."

Miss Trevelyan hopes, and we may all join ardently in the same hope, that after the war the House will be able to make an important contribution to the peace of the world by handing on to the students of the next generation a great and living tradition of international friendship.

J. S. HOYLAND

Christocracy. By John Middleton Murry. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 6*s.*)

The Sermon on the Mount. By C. F. Andrews. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 6*s.*)

The resounding title of Mr. Murry's book is a little misleading, though he justifies it as being "as good a name as any for a polity which preserves alive and kindles to fresh flame those fading sparks in our society which once caused it to illuminate the world." That is the polity which he has striven to expound. It is a compromise between what a pure Christianity would affirm and what contemporary necessity demands. Although a convinced pacifist himself, he knows that the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen are not. It is for them and to them he writes in the belief that enough of Christian imagination still survives amongst them, particularly in the deep-rooted habit of liberty and toleration, for Britain to contribute something of unique importance to the saving or at least the salvaging of human values at a time when they seem in danger of being everywhere submerged. To hold such a faith now requires a considerable act of faith.

But Mr. Murry cannot be accused of not taking a good look at the worst. His book is throughout sombrely realistic and his interpretation of the causes which made the horrors of the present world-revolution inevitable, in particular the co-existence of universal industrialization and sovereign nationalism, emphasises strongly the heavy responsibility of Britain with the other victorious powers of the last war. His analysis of the present war-situation is equally trenchant, above all of the folly of the blind pursuit of the chimera, total victory, which can only end, as he writes, in "a spiral of steady descent towards the abyss of moral exhaustion and domestic violence." In pleading that Britain should confine herself to a war of defence, based as always in her history on sea-power, and should refuse to be drawn into Continental invasion, he may well be speaking too late. For Britain's strategy is no longer in her own hands. But the reasons he gives are cogent and have expert opinion behind them. His view of the close relation between Russian and German totalitarianism may cause offence today. But while he errs sometimes by over-simplifying and by not qualifying enough, in essentials I believe what he says to be unanswerable. It is because he refuses to think in any terms of abstract idealism, keeping always close to the real human particulars, that he is qualified to interpret the spirit and the pattern of a true democracy as no propagandist can. Certainly the kind of socialism of which he sketches the outline in the latter part of his book is the only human alternative to revolutions of mechanical violence. Would that everyone in authority might read his book and understand it.

The late C. F. Andrews, as Tagore wrote in his Foreword to *The Sermon on the Mount,* was a great friend of humanity, of the poor and of India. The deep sincerity of his Christianity, that of a man who always felt it more important to live his faith than to write about it, is manifest in this last book of his, composed in a hospital on the Ridge of Delhi to which he had retired for rest after years of overwork. Only in one or two places does he

treat directly of the evils of today. But when he does, he has no doubt that both war and the economic and imperialist system underlying it are abhorrent to a Christian conscience. Most of his book is a commentary, verse by verse, on Christ's teaching in the Sermon on the Mount. It convinces and inspires by having been lived, rather than by any striking originality.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

CORRESPONDENCE

IS THERE NEED FOR A NEW "GITA"?

After reading the two replies to this question in the October number of THE ARYAN PATH I am tempted to add a third. For I feel that, in the words of Milton: "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

First of all, Mr. S. K. George in his original article in the July issue pleads "for historical realism in the understanding of all scriptures." It is, of course, a reasonable plea. But at the same time we must not forget that the historical circumstances in which a scripture is born form but the perishable part of it. The scientific ideas and the social conceptions of the age which we find embedded in a scripture are only the husk which covers the living seed. Take, for instance, the beliefs that we find in the New Testament that disease is caused by evil spirits and that the world was going to come to an end very soon. Even Jesus Christ was not above such beliefs. But does this fact in any way invalidate His teaching or make it out of date? Christ's teaching is throughout coloured by the apocalyptic ideas of His age. But that does not make us feel the need of a new Gospel.

Similarly, in the *Gita* we have the beliefs connected with caste and the use of war as a political instrument. The fact that these are embedded in the *Gita* should not blind us to the true import of that scripture. The teaching of the *Gita* is not in any way limited by these conceptions. On the other hand, a careful reader will find that these conceptions themselves are divested of their content in the light of the transcendent teaching of the scripture. Svadharma, for instance, is not connected with birth or heredity so much as with Svabhava or one's own nature, and we are taught that "he who does the duty imposed on him by his own nature incurs no sin." The Bhagavan of the *Gita* addressing a Hindu prince of His time could not but speak in terms of the caste system, as Jesus Christ addressing the Hebrew people of His time could not but speak in terms of the chosen people. And yet we know now that the belief that God created the Hindu caste system belongs to the same order of ideas as the belief that God entered into a covenant with the Hebrews.

Similarly the violence of war in the

Gita belongs only to the scaffolding of that scripture. On the other hand, as Mahatma Gandhi repeatedly points out, non-violence is the inevitable result if the central teaching of the *Gita* is faithfully followed. For violence on the battle field is impossible without hatred and anger and cruelty, WHEREAS the whole aim of the *Gita* is to make us act without the slightest trace of passion of any kind. The ideal man whom the *Gita* portrays so often would be totally out of harmony with a background of violence. Such a character can arise only out of perfect non-violence. The Bhagavan of the *Gita* by His teaching undermines almost completely the position of violence. He takes the whole substance out of violence, leaving only the outer shell. And in our day Mahatma Gandhi asks us to take the last step, to throw away even the shell and accept the ideal of non-violence in its entirety, both in substance and in form. In this respect, therefore, we may say that his gospel of Satyagraha is only the fulfilment of the *Gita*. Mr. George may call it a "New *Gita*" if he likes, though Gandhiji would be the first to disclaim that name for his teaching, for he calls the *Gita* his spiritual Mother and claims that he is only following in her footsteps. So the need is not for a "New *Gita*," nor even for a new approach to the old *Gita*, but for a correct understanding of what is and is not eternal in the *Gita*.

At the same time one need not be provoked by the question, "Is there need for a New *Gita*?" On the contrary, one should welcome it as a sign of "divine discontent" and desire for progress. For no serious student of comparative religion in our days can say that such and such a scripture or such and such a prophet is the final word in religion. As God has not ceased to exist, His revelations to men cannot be said to have come to a stop. We do not know how many new scriptures, how many new Avatars and prophets will have to come before man reaches his journey's end—especially when we see what a mess he has made of the scriptures and prophets already sent to him. He is now apparently at one of the most difficult corners of his way up the hill. And he cannot turn that corner unless he makes up his mind to give up once for all the abomination of the violence of war. Therefore, we are afraid that those who persist in saying that in any particular scripture or the teaching of any particular prophet there is sanction for war for all time are only making out a case for the inevitable supersession of that scripture or that prophet. For no misreading of any scripture or misunderstanding of any prophet can ever stop the mighty drama of the spiritual evolution of our species on this planet. At the worst, it can only delay its progress.

D. S. SARMA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The question whether the post-war world will be the same is occupying the attention of not a few. Everyone seems to agree that the war will have been fought in vain should the *status quo* be maintained. Mr. J. B. Priestley, inaugurating in *Picture Post* of 27th June a series on "Britain's Silent Revolution," believes that the war has saved England from an incipient decay. It has introduced an approach to socialism and has levelled to some extent the "fantastically gross and really sinful inequalities." The regimentation of every effort towards effective war offers the nation, Mr. Priestley thinks, a lesson in planned industry for national welfare in peace-time. The concessions which everyone is called upon to make for the national purpose should continue even after hostilities cease. That feeling of individual sacrifice for the collective well-being might lay the foundations of a creative democratic society of the future.

The rationing systems admit in principle the right of everyone to "a fair share of what is essential to a decent life."

And most of us cannot see that this principle should be dead right in 1942, but wrong in 1938, and wrong again in 1948.

The war has served as a corrective of false values. To Mr. Priestley it seems unthinkable that society's "tattered and idiotic fancy-dress ball" should ever start again, but time will show. Reforms imposed from without are ephemeral. Individuals not a few have no doubt seen the light, but human nature in the mass changes slowly. Hence the timeliness of long-range reforms while a common danger inspires the spirit of unity and readiness to sacrifice.

The sense of frustration which darkens the political firmament is explained by Mr. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., in the second article. He lays it partly to the failure of those who enter Parliament to realise their independent responsibilities and the duty owed to their electors. In the third article Mr. G. D. H. Cole thinks that the war can mean the end of unemployment. It is necessary only that, in the post-war world, industry be planned with the national welfare in view and the distribution of labour ordered on an intelligent basis. He foresees not only jobs for all, but jobs unfilled. And he implies the folly of squandering, through mass unemployment, the country's greatest productive resource—the labour of human hands.

None can doubt the sound purpose and the noble ideal which inspires these three eminent people. It is reassuring to be told that there will be no return to pre-war conditions, but what is the guarantee? Such a consummation will be hard to achieve as long as the internal organisation of a self-governing State bases itself upon capitalist profit making — even if accompanied by

political democracy. The only sound foundation will be a carefully planned democracy of wider dimensions. The "new civilization" promised after the present chaos will be worth the name only if it can assure opportunity for all, in every country of the world.

Under the caption "Common Needs and Common Sense," *The New Statesman and Nation* of 11th July gives some valuable suggestions to the official propagandist. Talk of a return to pre-war conditions falls on deaf ears. Rosy hopes unrelated to presumptive realities deceive no one. There is no getting around the fact, so naïvely put, that Britain does "still look like an Imperial Power"—strangely like, indeed! There is, as the writer points out, no proof of any of the fine phrases such as "greater equality" and "a People's War"

> unless we are able to produce a programme which will fit into the century of the common man—a phrase which now means something positive in the Soviet Union, something hopeful in the United States, something wistfully desired in the United Kingdom, and something that still looks like hypocrisy among the subject peoples of the Empire.

Effective propaganda has its own utility in the prosecution of war, but propaganda, in order to be effective, must have the support of truthful promise and earnest intention to fulfil. The open disclaimer that the Atlantic Charter refers to countries like India was one of the things that undermined faith in the United Nations' propaganda. It is not in the West alone that the "common man" resides. It is a fact which bears any amount of repetition, and one which those who wish that their propaganda should not be ignored as "mere propaganda" must squarely face, that every participant in the present war has a right to demand assurance that he will not be left out in the planning of the post-war world. Unless such an assurance can be extended to all peoples who are helping in the war, conviction will be hard to bring to the doubters that the common enemy that is being fought today is not merely the aggressiveness of Germany, Italy or Japan, but "an economic and social muddle which denies to the common man freedom, peace, security and a full share of the good things which his labour helps to produce."

East or West, the hollow ring of mere words cannot deceive hearers into taking for granted the declaration of a pious purpose. It has got to be *proved* and proved *substantially*.

"Equal Rights for Asia, Too" is the subject of a significant article by Francis B. Sayre, U. S. High Commissioner to the Philippine Islands. (*The New York Times Magazine*, 5th July 1942) Only a clear-cut programme based on human brotherhood can unite the peoples of the world to win the war and to win the peace to follow, he declares.

> If democracy means anything it means equality of opportunity. Faith in democracy, the American faith, means equality of opportunity extended to all peoples, to all races, to all creeds, to all classes. It is an all-embracing faith and it extends into the political sphere, the economic sphere, the social sphere and the spiritual sphere of life. The American faith leaves no room for class arrogance or racial discrimination. All men are not equal in their attainments or their capacities or their abilities, but to all must be given equality of opportunity. That is the democratic faith and it is the only faith upon which an enduring civilization can be built.

This is admirable, however hard to square with the treatment accorded Negroes in the U. S. A.

The problems of Asia, Mr. Sayre insists, cannot be divorced from those of Europe and America. The world has become a unit and "any disease which attacks one part attacks the whole body." Mr. Sayre is a high official. He is circumspect. He does not label his shafts with their destination, but they find their mark. "The United States," he writes, "is not fighting to bolster up or to re-establish the evil practices of Nineteenth Century imperialism. The United States is fighting still for human rights, as she did in 1776."

What those rights are is brought out in another article in the same issue. Under the caption "We Hold These Truths," Henry Steele Commager writes of the signing in that year of the Declaration of Independence. That Declaration opens on a note that will resound as long as a government exists that does not derive its powers from the consent of the governed :—

> When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

Everyone is convinced that war is an evil but the conviction that it is a necessary evil seems to die hard. Reason which distinguishes man from the lower world of creation should be a better arbiter than any mad orgy of mutual destruction. The Nation and the State exist for man, not man for them, and if any fancies that he can live happily only at the expense of another's life or happiness he is still on the outskirts of the jungle. The wiser way and the really *human* way is mutual help, good-will and co-operation.

Since the outbreak of the present war the "New World Order" has received anxious attention from every section of humanity. The veteran thinker Dr. Bhagavan Das of Benares, to whose views we have more than once of late referred in THE ARYAN PATH, has sent us a pamphlet on *The Fundamental Psychological Principles of Social Reconstruction* (*and "A British-Indian Commonwealth"*). In it he outlines a benevolent paternalism in a democratic frame.

A Theosophist of more than half a century's standing, Dr. Bhagavan Das rightly stresses the fundamental message of Theosophy—Universal Brotherhood. Unless that basic truth is accepted and put into practice, there is little hope for the future. It is not a question of single individuals' accepting the ideal and putting it in practice in their personal lives. The task is bigger still. Dr. Bhagavan Das describes the tendency

> to go on simply feeling the fine sentiment of Human Brotherhood and simply making Comparative Study, decade after decade... without actively striving to promote the general welfare of that Universal Brotherhood in all departments of life.

He has concrete suggestions. He urges agreement among associations of humanist scientists and avowedly philanthropic bodies with centres in many countries, upon a few simple basic principles of the desired New Social Order.

In order to educate public opinion in such ideas Dr. Bhagavan Das has prepared a questionnaire which outlines the philosophy of human relationships and shows how only an essentially spiritual and non-separative attitude can save the embroiled world. "The legislator must be above all prejudices of race, creed, caste, colour or sex." Not the legislator only, but also the administrator, the judge and the man in the street, before a new and better order can be established and maintained!

Dr. Bhagavan Das is perfectly right when he says that the promised New World Order is not the concern of tomorrow but of today, that the business of the New Order is not to clear the wreckage of the present war but to stop this war now and to make the recurrence of such wreckage impossible in future. The brochure will repay perusal.

Dr. Olaf Stapledon's "Sketch-Map of Human Nature" (*Philosophy*, July 1942) offers a pattern in which psychological and ethical factors both find place. He sets out to show that though "at bottom identical with the beasts" man is "in a limited but all-important manner unique." He argues also that

> one consequence of his uniqueness is moral experience, and that in human nature properly understood, a moral goal is very clearly revealed.

More significant is the differentiation which Dr. Stapledon makes between the upper and the lower unconscious. Subconscious and superconscious would be less unwieldy terms. The psychologists generally have failed to recognise this distinction, to their loss. The lower unconscious [which psychoanalysis dangerously activates] comprises, according to the article, man's subhuman animal nature. It includes also whatever, "owing to its relatively archaic and primitive character, is not normally introspectable." Dr. Stapledon limits the upper unconscious, as we would not, to the outcome of the impact of circumstances upon the individual. He defines it, however, as

> all in him which is thrusting towards a greater clarity of vision, a greater delicacy of feeling, a greater integrity of action, than is as yet possible to his conscious nature.

Consciousness and the upper unconscious clash when incipient, more lucid or more integrated desires of the latter conflict with established conscious desires.

Most significant of all, perhaps, is Dr. Stapledon's visualisation of "personality-in-community" as the right goal of action, the way of fulfilment. "'Community' is a distinctively human attribute of human society." Without it "a person is but a frost-bitten seedling." True community stands in contrast alike "with the beast's blind gregariousness and the human egotist's sham community of mere self-seeking within the law." It means not uniformity but harmony in diversity—"mutual enrichment, mutual valuing, and mutual responsibility."

> Behind the struggle between imperial Britain and imperial Germany, behind the conflict between democratic and totalitarian ideologies, and cutting right across this cleavage, lies the struggle between the old unplanned and perverted form of society and the dawning will for a new kind of society, world-wide, coherent, controlled by the will to make the most of the human species; and consciously, creatively, planned for that end.

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